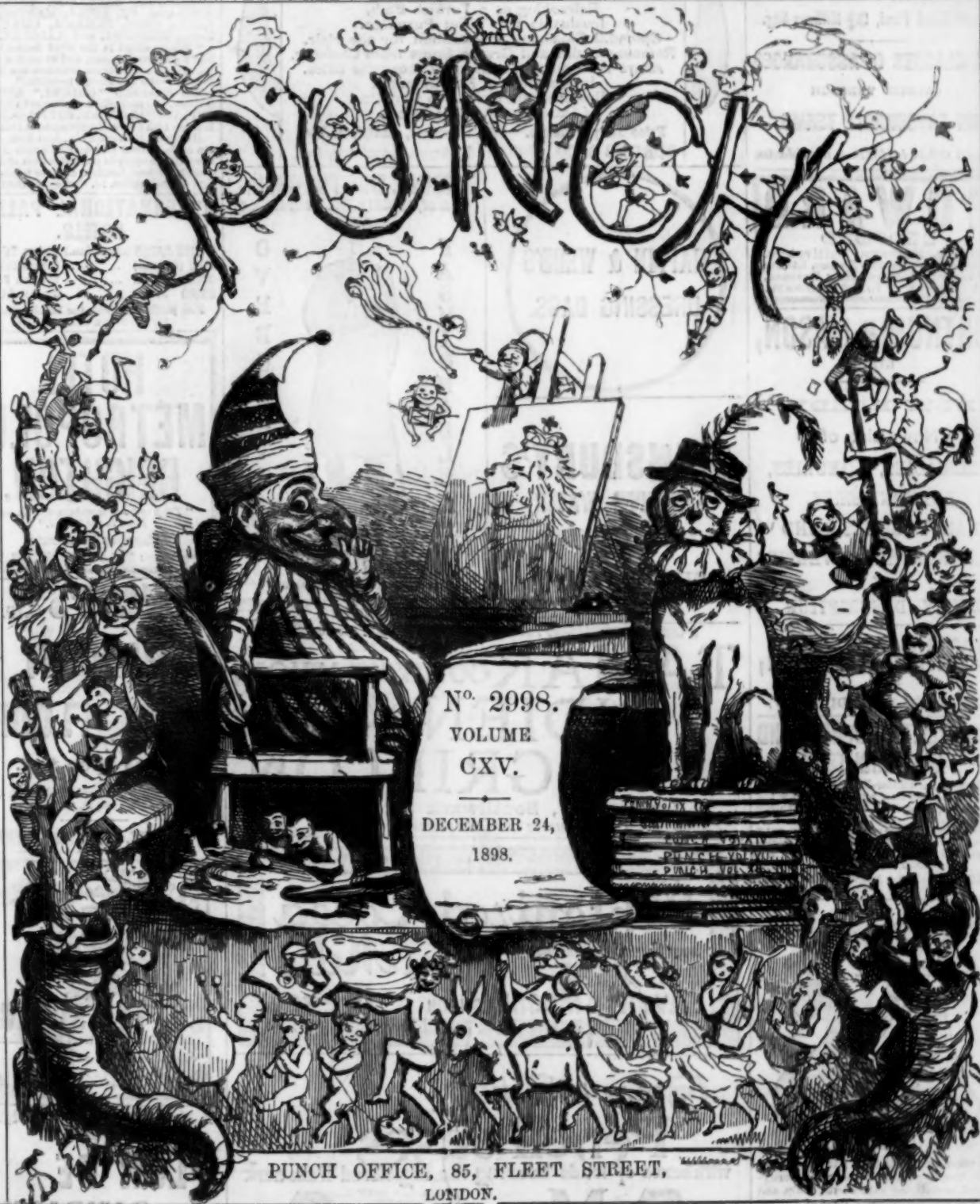


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at home—the trip should be taken."

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Little Boy. "How many steps can you jump, Grandma? I can jump four!"

CHRISTMAS.

(From various Points of View.)

FILIUS.

HURRAH! Good old Christmas for ever!
 Adieu to old SWISH and his cane,
 And I shall be able to sit at a table
 In relative comfort again.
 And as for old CÆSAR, and LIVY,
 And XEN. with his blest parasangs,
 We'll give 'em the chuck, boys, and jolly
 well tuck, boys,
 At turkey and cream and meringues.
 The grub! Oh, to think of it! Crikey!
 Unlimited trifle and jam,
 With dozens of dishes undreamt of at
 SWISH'S,
 And nothing to do but to cram.
 Oh! why is it Christmas so seldom?
 While Sunday, by some silly freak—
 If I had arranged 'em, by Jove, I'd have
 changed 'em,
 And ordered a Christmas a week.

PATERFAMILIAS.

What! Christmas here again? Absurd!
 Impossible! I vow, Sir,
 It's not six months— Upon my word,
 It's *always* Christmas now, Sir!
 Our painted world, with every year,
 Spins faster on its axis,
 Until the whirling daubs appear
 One streak of rates and taxes.
 The boys are home—the little bears!
 Just listen to their riot
 As they toboggan down the stairs—
 Farewell to peace and quiet!
 They racket through the livelong day,
 They make the whole house muddy
 With dirty boots, and ugh! they play
 At football in my study.
 Christmas, I dread thee! Dread to meet
 My pack of noisy gluttons,
 I dread to watch them over-eat
 Until they burst their buttons.
 Thou, Christmas, if it lay with me,
 With thy unsettled weather,

And more unsettled bills, shouldst be
 Abolished altogether.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

When Christmas-tide was drawing nigh,
 And turkeys roasted at the range,
 Was none so blithe of heart as I—
 Then what has brought about this
 change?
 'Tis not that I am altered, not
 That I am older. 'Tis because
 Christmas is now no longer what
 It was.

And Christmas fare is not the stuff
 That used to make my bosom glad;
 I never used to get enough
 To satisfy me, when a lad.
 But now I swear—it is no whim—
 This stodgy stuff you feast your boys on,
 It is not pudding, it is simply
 poison.

Again, when Winter froze the lake,
 Swift as a swallow I would fly,
 And vines and figures I would make,
 "The cynosure of every eye."
 But now I shudder when I see
 The slides the boys make at my gate—
 Ice has become so slippery
 Of late.

No! Christmas is no more the time
 It used to be, beyond a doubt,
 Ere yet the world was past its prime
 Or I a martyr to the gout.
 And since the cooks no longer know
 Their art, I will not dine. Instead
 I'll sip my arrowroot, and go
 To bed.

A SUGGESTION TO A PUBLISHER.—Mr.
 HENRY FROWDE, announcing the Oxford
 edition of the Poets, commences by adver-
 tising *The Oxford Whittier*. Why doesn't
 MACMILLAN of the sister university go one
 better, and bring out "The Cambridge
 Wittiest"?



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—III.

THE HATFIELD DIPLOMATIC CHAIR.

The framework of this charming piece was for a
 time in the office of the *Saturday Review*. Since
 much enlarged, and stuffed with "graceful conces-
 sions" (prepared chemically). Lately this chair has
 shown an unexpected stiffening in the back, and
 has become very uncomfortable to any diplomatist
 who tries to sit upon it.



"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

Stage-Manager (S.l.-b.-ry). "THAT TRICK OF YOURS DOES NOT SEEM TO WORK, MR. HARLEQUIN."
 Joe (Ch.-m-b.-r.-n). "WELL! I'VE WAVED MY WAND LONG ENOUGH. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINERY!"

MORTE D'HARCOURT;

OR, THE BALLON D'ESSAI.

(Being a Fragment adapted from the Idyll told
"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve.")

THEN murmured HARCOURT: "Place me in
the car."

So to the great balloon they strolled along.
And those three knights, the doleful Jean
l'Honnête,

Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-
poule,

Over the side heavily hoisting him,
Took out their handkerchiefs, and wept
therein.

But he that had the sternest eye of all
And wettest, he the penman, Jean l'Hon-
nête,

Arranged the Chieftain's head upon his lap,
And loosed his morion and chafed his chin
Duplex, and ran his fingers through the
locks

That like a lion's or the rising sun
High o'er the field would flame with ardent
fringe.

Then he unlaced the cuirass, letting out
The breath in grievous pants; and dropped
a hint,

Darkling, of foul play, mentioning no
names.

So like an extinct mammoth lay the Chief;
Not like that HARCOURT who, from head to
heel

Plantagenet through all his azure blood,
Let off his Budget underneath the eyes
Of gracious ladies beaming through the
grille.

Then loudly called the doleful Jean
l'Honnête

For ink and plume, and took his scroll and
wrote:

"O my dear HARCOURT, what are we to do?
For lo! the former times are now defunct
When every day produced some gallant
scheme

For riding out to tilt at human wrongs—
The Union, or the Church, or else the
Drink—

And every scheme some gallant lance to
run it.

Such times have not been since our errant
knights

Took shame of wearing shamrock in their
hair.

And now the whole ROUND TABLE breaketh
up,

And on its legs the heathen hack their
names,

And I, the last of all thy true Elect,
As in a dim-brown study I am left
To write the record of the days that were."

He ceased, and made a copy for the Press,
And on the fallen warrior's failing heart
Pinned the original: and so with pain
Over the side, fearfully clinging, dropped.

Then slowly murmured HARCOURT from
the car:

"The good old order changeth; ay, per-
chance

It was too large an order—who shall say?
For men may have too much of one good
thing.

Therefore I go; I have done my work, and
feel

My conscience all serene. Yet let thy voice
Roll like an organ for me in the Press,
That men may learn the worth of what
they lose.

And now farewell! I am addressed to go
A strange excursion—if indeed I go,
(For I myself have had my doubts of this)—
To some far-off aërial Lotus-isle,



"I SAY, BILLIE, TEACHER SAYS AS IF WE ANGUS OUR STOCKINGS UP ON O'BIS'MAS EVE,
SANTA CLAUS 'LL FILL 'EM WITH PRESENTS!"

"IT 'LL TAKE 'IM ALL 'IS TIME TO FILL MINE. I 'AVEN'T GOT NO FOOTS IN 'EM!"

A land where it is evermore P.M.;
Where falls not any noise of party-strife,
Nor horrid hum of rival leaderships,
But all is inward calm, with ample space
For writing reams of letters to the *Times*."

He ended, having finished. Then the
twain,

Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-
poule,

Planted on *terra firma*, cut the rope,
And looking each on other slowly winked.

But the balloon, unwitting how it bore
The weightiest remnant of the TABLE
ROUND,

Made for the *Ewigkeit*. Then Jean l'Hon-
nête

Deep-pondering stood at gaze, until the car
Shewed as a flea athwart the vast inane;

Then, turning through the Forest, wearily
drew

To Lyndhurst Road, and took the train for
town.

Here ceased the speaker's tale. So I to
bed;

And dreaming far into the Christmas dawn,
Beheld a parachute, and therewithal
Pendent a personage of stateliest port,
That earthward shot; and all the people
cried:

"HARCOURT is come again! We knew he
would!"

And Cymric voices echoed: "Come again!
He never meant to die!" Whereat I woke,
Rose, dressed, and told my dreaming to the
wise,

But there was none that could expound the
thing.

A Diplomatic Solution.

Archibald. I say, grandpa, why do the
Russians begin the New Year on a different
day to what we do?

Grandfather (R.N., retired). Oh! I sup-
pose that one of our ambassadors once
signed a treaty on the first of January, and
the shifty beggars wanted an excuse for
breaking it.



DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY.

Master of the House (just returned from the theatre). "WH GILES, YOU'RE—YOU'RE DRUNK!"
Giles. "WELL, IF I AM, WHOSE FAULT'S THAT? ISH YOUR WINK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Dickens and his Illustrators (GEORGE REDWAY), by FRED. G. KITTON. It is not merely to "students of DICKENS" that this admirably-produced book will appeal, but to all who take an interest in the works of such illustrators as GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, R. SEYMOUR, Hablot K. BROWNE, JOHN LEECH, MARCUS STONE, R.A., LUKE FILDES, R.A., DICKY DOYLE, SIR JOHN TENNIEL, CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., GEORGE CATTERTON, and other good names, of which the least known is that of ROBERT BARR, who seems to have been generally successful except in the few illustrations he was, on SEYMOUR's death, called upon to do for *Pickwick*. To the Baron's thinking, no one, on the whole, illustrated DICKENS, that is, portrayed the figures that DICKENS intended, so well as did "PHIZ." Farcical, burlesque, outrageously so occasionally, yet the figures (such, for example, as *Micawber*) were only Dickens out-Dickens'd. Yet, are not the novelist's eccentric creations imprinted indelibly on our memory through the medium of their representations by "PHIZ"? Perhaps after a term of uninterrupted collaboration, DICKENS came unconsciously to create the types that "PHIZ" could most successfully draw. Then, of JOHN LEECH's illustrations to the Christmas books, how memorable are his *Trotty Veck* and *Tilly Slowboy*! The Baron has before him the first edition of *The Hanted Man*, with five illustrations by "J. TENNIEL," five by LEECH, three by STANFIELD, R.A., and two by FRANK STONE. The delightfully-fantastic yet graceful frontispiece and illustrated title are "very Tenniel." One would think twice before allowing a playful Kitton to remain in a library; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any Dickensian student as to the propriety, if not necessity, of giving this particular Kitton a place on an accessible shelf as soon as possible.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy!" which being old Mr. Weller's inquiring criticism on Sam's love-letter, is very much what the Baron would observe, without the "Sammy," to Mr. W. W. JACOBS, after reading almost any one of his capitally-told stories in his volume entitled *Sea Urchins*

(LAWRENCE AND BULLEN). To which Mr. W. W. JACOBS would simply reply, with Sam Weller, "Not a bit on it; she'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." And, substituting "short story" for "letter," the Baron, on consideration, is fain to admit that Mr. JACOBS would be quite right. Yet his stories are so humorously tantalising, he tells you so much, and that much so well, that when they break off suddenly and you part with the characters, never to see or hear of them again, the reader experiences a sense of loss; he returns over the ground, searching carefully to see if he has missed anything, and finding that he has not, he goes on to the next story, expecting that this fresh one at least will amuse and interest him as much as have those he has already read, and will also satisfy his curiosity in regard to the future of the individuals in whom he is sure to become interested. But the stories as they are finished or unfinished, are all good; not an indifferent one in the whole lot. For choice, the Baron would select "The Smoked Skipper," "The Cabin Passenger," "Choice Spirits," and "Brother Hutchins." But, capital as these are, "The Grey Parrot" "takes the cake." This troublesome bird, on account of his impolite language, strong even for a parrot, is put in an out-of-the-way room, where, "with a cloth thrown over its cage," it "spent most of its time wondering when the days were going to lengthen a bit." There's a dash of tragedy in one story, but it soon merges into comedy, and "An Intervention"—a most original incident—ends in a quiet chuckle. The collection of stories must be bracketed with the same author's *Many Cargoes*, and they would be hard to beat even if "Boz" were with us to give a fresh series of his "sketches."

Of *A History of the Dreyfus Case* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co.), by GEORGE BARLOW, I need only say that those who wish to know the wretched and tragic story of DREYFUS from the beginning, cannot do better than read this excellent account. It is set forth with admirable clearness, and with very high literary ability, and is more deeply interesting than any novel I have read for years past. By George! Barlow has done it—rather.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

KITCHENER.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's Poems, recently published.)

BACK to the Soudan, sun-smitten, calorific, scorchant,
Gone!
Far from the quenchless, tonant town-councils, no longer amot,
Persistent to harry his leisure, immeasurably scant,
With receptions reperousant and addresses adulant, or some-
thing of the sort;
Far from dinners, magnanimous, galopahus stodge;
Far from orators, catastrophic, gurglant, glumming on,
Some mumble, with hesitations murmuring,
Some, fluent with indefinite jaw-cackle, prank,
All glaucous and tommyrotant;
Far from redundant busybodies difficult to dodge.
Oh, my eye, after such a fling,
What paradisiacal peacefulness in the incalescent, arenaceous
deserts, which flank
The equinoctial ups of the Nile!
There, later on, in the College, cumulative, quenchless, of the
SIRDAR,
Highecockalorumjig hip hip hurrah Panjandrum,
The inconscient, tenebrious blackamoors
Will learn
The English tongue.
Not, let us fervently desiderate, the English of CARLYLE,
Bogglant, Teutonic, repellent hoots glum,
Jaw-gapes athwart booming far,
Ridged up for boors;
Nor yet the English of KIPLING,
Lambent with exotic gabble-quirks,
In a "Madrissa for Hubshees,"
A College for Soudanese, dolorous, decreascent, nigerous, young;
No!
Not the English of KIPLING, who makes "fourth" rhyme with
"worth,"
And "men" with "again"; evocative jerks!
What on earth
Made him do it? Neither of these,
Nor yet the graceless, unapt English of the crowd,
Of the braggart butcher, the bodeful baker, or the calamitous
candlestick-maker,
Of the scornful omnibus-conductor,
Staggerant in the spirally upward of the omnibus steps.
Of the stockbroker, white-waistcoated, declamant, penetrant,
loud,
Of the tolerant tinker,
Of the triumphant, tonant, towering tailor;
No!
They ought to learn that immaccesible English,
Clarion, equipollent, succourful,
Clamant as the magnanimous ballyrag when cabbage-stalks spurn,
Veridical as the adolescent hippopotamus,
Voicing the delinquent chimney-pots forthwith,
Grumous as fried fish,
Rumpling lapis lazuli boomerang electro-plated bull
Mountainous brain-awake friable malignant omnibus;
That is what the Soudanese must learn—
The English of GEORGE MEREDITH.

CLOWN IN FUTURO.

A Voice from the Juniors.—Now that we are within measurable distance of Boxing Night, it is just as well that it should be understood that the young do not require any of the so-called "childish fun" of our ancestors. The clown is out of date, and no boy or girl cares a fig about the clumsy inanities of the Pantaloon. What we of the rising generation desire is beautiful scenery, interesting and expensive dresses, and lots of intricate dancing. What can there be amusing in a person with a red patched face making a butter-slide for the discomfort of some score of wretched supers? Dancing may help our sisters how to comport themselves at a ball, and an effective spectacle may satisfy the cravings for the æsthetic of our brothers. And then let the portion of the entertainment intended for the younger members of the audience commence at a reasonable hour—say nine o'clock. Then, after the play is over, the boys and girls can go either to the club for bones and a smoke, or the boudoir for a soup and a chatter. Not that I admit myself to be a boy, as I am forced to sign myself

A FOSSIL OF FIFTEEN.

A Voice from the Seniors.—I really must protest against the idea that seems to be gaining ground that people who have come to years of discretion want to see dancing and scenery. All that sort of thing may do fairly well for our descendants.



LINKS.

Gertie (to Cousin, a beginner). "AND WHY DO THEY CALL THE BOYS 'CADDIES'?"

Cousin. "OH—ER—BECAUSE—ER—DON'TCHER KNOW, THE 'CADDIE' HOLDS THE 'TEE.'"

Gertie. "OH—H—H—H!"

What we want is the drollery of the red-hot poker. There is nothing pleasing in watching a lady—who is old enough to know better—walking about the stage on the largest of her toes. And as for stage cloths, don't we know that they have a seamy side, and that all is not gold that glitters? The fun of our old friend the Christmas Clown is always vastly entertaining. If any one is to be cut out, let it be Columbine, with her pointless posing. No; let us have plenty of "spill and pelt." And as for the time, let our portion of the pantomime come reasonably early—say seven. A dinner at five, and bed well before ten is the rational régime of the seniors. Then, even those who admit to be elderly, will enjoy what is known as "beauty's sleep." Not that I admit I am aged, as I beg to sign myself,

A CHILD OF SEVENTY.

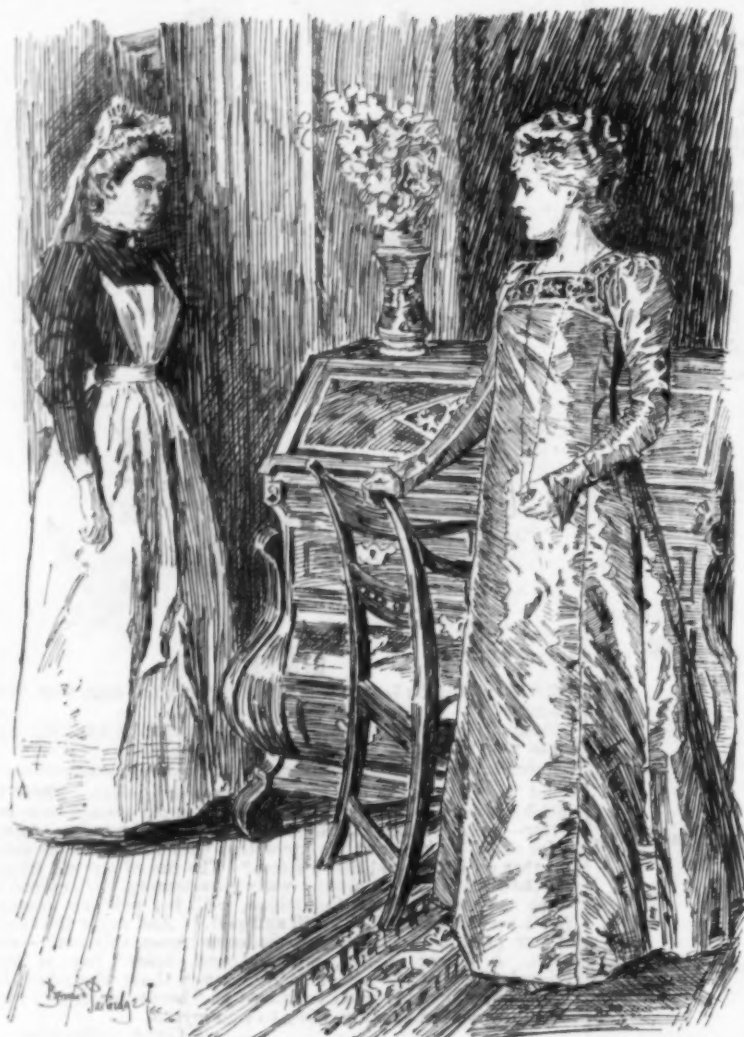
WHAT! OUR OLD FRIEND SMITH?—Perennial TOM SMITH! Crackers again! "Artistic Crackers," "Toy Crackers," "Mandarin Crackers," "Blossom Whispers," and varieties of all sorts of Crackers, except nut-crackers! Evidently TOM draws the line here, that is, for this year, as the omission having been pointed out to him, TOM SMITH will puzzle his "nut" in devising some entirely new sort of cracker for the end of the century, to equal which will be the despair of future TOM BROWNS, TOM JONESSES, and TOM ROBINSONS. As the convivial chorus goes:—

Here's to you, TOM SMITH,
Here's to you, with all our heart.

But what the rest of it is—substituting "BROWN" for "SMITH," in the original—we are at a loss to recollect; only, once upon a time, it was a chorus which evoked sentiments of eternal friendship—late, very late, in the evening.

FROM "GOLDEN LANE."—This sounds quite a Fairy Locality, where dwells the Fairy FAULKNER, from whom Mr. Punch has received delightful specimens of his magic in the shape of Christmas cards, pictures, almanacks, and other faerie fancies. There are very pretty diaries, which make the year look gay throughout; there are eccentric games and cards of all sorts, pretty, plain, comic, but always the "Correct Cards" for Christmas.

PROPER PLANT FOR A CLOWN.—The Columbine.



GIVING HERSELF AWAY.

Mistress. "JANE, I'VE MISLAID THE KEY OF MY ESCRITOIRE. I WISH YOU'D JUST FETCH ME THAT BOX OF ODD KEYS. I DARESAY I CAN FIND ONE TO OPEN IT."

Jane. "IT'S NO USE, MA'AM. THERE ISN'T A KEY IN THE 'OUSE AS 'LL FIT THAT DESK."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"A MERRY Christmas!"—Yes, I know
How blandly people smile to hear
That good old phrase of long ago—
It is so smart (and hard) to sneer!
That Christmas now 's a cheerful pose,
Good will to men and Christian charity
Exploded myths, each baby knows,
And learns to crow with forced hilarity.

Your youthful cynic, rising two,
Turns up his nose at Santa Claus;
At three, the childish joys are few
He fails to damn with faint applause.
At four—the blasé age of four—
He finds the pantomime detestable,
Bran-pies and Christmas-trees a bore,
Plum-pudding even indigestible.

So he grows up, all joys and griefs
Dissecting with a cynic knife,

Destroying all the old beliefs,
And losing half the salt of life.
Worst of all modern ills I hold
This cheapening of childhood's treasures,
This reckless hurry to grow old
And slay with sneers youth's simple pleasures.

"A Merry Christmas!"—You and I
Can greet without a sneering tongue—
I pray that as the years go by
They find your heart and mine still young.
"Grey head on shoulders green" to-day
Commands the applause of all beholders,
Yet more to be desired, I say,
Is a green heart beneath grey shoulders!
As in the Western Hemisphere,
So in the map of Life are seen
Two continents—one green, one sere—
With a long isthmus in between.
And all mankind, both great and small,
Both good and bad, both dull and clever,

One stage a year are journeying all,
And journeying Southward, downward,
ever.

Some never reach the isthmus, some
Their steps far South beyond it bend—
Yet all men, come what'er may come,
With hearts still young their course may
end.

I, having passed my thirtieth stage,
Not yet half way across the isthmus
That joins the Lands of Youth and Age,
Can wish you still—"A Merry Christ-
mas!"

A MODERN REHEARSAL.

Leading Lady (to Stage Manager).
Who's that man in the ulster-coat talking
to the call-boy?

Stage Manager. Don't know, I'm sure.
Perhaps a gas-fitter. Now, as I was say-
ing, Miss FRISETTE, I think that all your
alterations in the dialogue are quite up to
date, but we must give SPLITTER a chance
for his cackle. Ah! here he is.

Splitter. Well, old boy, I've worked in
that scene to rights, but the boss thinks
that some allusions to Turkey served up
with German sausage would fetch 'em. So
you might chuck it in for me.

Stage Man. Of course I will. Capital
idea. (Marks prompt-book.) I wonder
who that chap is in the wing?

Splitter. Haven't the faintest idea.
Looks like an undertaker. Hallo, Won-
bler, brought your new song?

Wobbler. Yes, it ought to go. And I've
a gross or so of capital wheezes.

Splitter. No poaching, old chap.

Wobbler. Of course not. I'll not let
them off when you're on. Morning, Miss
SKID. Perfect, I suppose.

Miss Skid (brightly). I'm always "per-
fect." But—(seriously)—I had to cut all
the idiotic stuff in my part, and get PETER
QUIP of *The Kangaroo* to put in something
up to date. Here's the boss!

[Enter Mr. FOOTLYTE, the manager,
amid a chorus of salutations.]

Stage Man. Places, ladies and gentle-
men.

Mr. Footlyte. Before we begin the re-
hearsal, I would point out that I have com-
pletely rewritten the Second Act, and—

The Stranger in the Ulster. But, Sir, I
beg of you to remember—

Mr. F. Who is that man?

Everybody. We don't know!

Mr. F. (advancing). Who are you, Sir,
who dare trespass on my premises?

The S. in the U. Don't you remember
me Mr. FOOTLYTE?

Mr. F. No, Sir, I do not. What's your
business?

The S. in the U. (nervously). I am the
author of the piece.

Everybody. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. F. Then you're not wanted here.
(To Stage Manager.) JENKINS, clear the
stage.

[The author is shown out. Rehearsal pro-
ceeds. Curtain.]

PROVERBS GONE WRONG.

You can't burn your candle at both ends
and eat it too.

It's a thankless child that has a serpent's
tooth.

Where there's a Will there's a Codicil.

It is an ill wind that never rejoices.

A watched pot never rejoices.

One man may look at a horse over a
fence, but another mayn't.

A stitch in the side sews you up.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

MISS WILHELMINA HARCOURT (to Miss JOANNA MORLEY). "REALLY, MY DEAR, I DON'T THINK IT SEEMS MUCH USE OUR STAYING HERE ANY LONGER . . . THEY WON'T COME!"

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.
1914



Proprietor (a well-known Fox destroyer, who has on the quiet had a "bagman" turned out). "UNCOMMONLY FINE FOX THAT! ALWAYS ARE THAT WE BREED HERE."
Huntsman. "H'M—YES, SIR, VERY FINE FOX. BUT, 'SCUSE ME, SIR, DO YOU ALWAYS BREED 'EM WITH STRINGS ROUND THEIR NECKS!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

*An Old Stager once more takes his part in
Life's Pantomime.*

ONCE in our Christmas pantomime,
Years ago when our hearts were young,
And our mirth was ringing with madcap
rhyme,

And thistledown jests to the wind we
flung,

I was the Clown, a boisterous wag,
Who rattled along on the broad-gauge
line,

With perilous leap and noisy gag,
And you were the dainty Columbine!

Then in a bygone pantomime,
Less of the rattle and less of the noise,
We'd been drilled a little by Father Time—
He'd transformed us all from girls and
boys!

I was the Harlequin tender and true,
Very conceited those steps of mine,
In the *Pas de deux* that I danced with you,
How happy was I with my Columbine!

Now is another pantomime,
And still there are parts for us to play.
While the bells around us merrily chime,
"To-morrow is Christmas Boxing Day."
"What is my part?" I hopefully croon.
"Something of course in the good old
line."

Old! Ah! that twinge! I'll be Pantaloon,
But you shall be still my Columbine!

GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS GAME REVIVED
WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY ALL THE POWERS
IN THE FAR EAST.—Snap-dragon.

THE MAD MULLAH INTERVIEWED.

OUR special correspondent succeeded in
obtaining an interview with the Mad Mullah
recently, and sends us the following:—
Chakdara, Monday.

I found the Mad Mullah seated on an
inverted egg-chest, pensively chewing a
straw. He nodded as I entered his tent,
and said, "Be seated. There's plenty of
room on the floor." Then, after a pause,
he added, "Bismillah! Allah is great and
Mahomet is his prophet."

I replied, "Yes, so they say. What do
you think of affairs in the Swat valley?"

"Oh! I shall go out of the Mad Mullah
business," he answered, rather despairingly.
"Nothing to be made in it nowadays.
Think of turning it into a limited com-
pany. Could you give me an introduction
to HOOLEY, or RUCKER, or any of those
chaps? You see, if the public would intro-
duce some capital, I feel sure that there
would be some proph—profits, I mean—at
all events for us, if not for the common or
garden investor! But at present, the out-
look's discouraging. Flight is my strong
card, just now. Of course, I'm worth a
good bit to English editors hard up for
copy. Always good for an eight-line par,
'Flight of the Mad Mullah,' or 'Another
Outbreak by the Mad Mullah'; but mostly
they're 'flights' now. Game's getting a
bit played out though, and if HOOLEY or
the other fellow will take me up, I'll cer-
tainly sell out of the business at once.
But I must have cash down. No Five per
Cent. Cumulative Prefrs. in part payment
for me!"

A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THE joy of Christmas shopping! Now

The world goes daily forth, I see,
With busy steps and serious brow,
To shop from early morn to tea.

People, as swift the hours flee,
From shop to shop untiring wend,
I too must buy—some two or three—
The presents which I have to send.

And, since to Custom I must bow,
I storm the Stores with chastened glee—
But let me, oh, my friends, avow
One proposition frank and free!
Old Masters, jewels, lands in fee,
Which might to you yourselves com-
mend,

(For reasons of mere £ s. d.)
Are presents which I do not send!

DICK, now eighteen, do I endow
With meerschaum fine (his weird he'll
dree!);

Books, toys, and so on—and somehow
My Christmas shopping's done, D. G.
One gift on which I glad would be—
How glad!—"my little all" to spend,
Remains, alas! by Fate's decree,
A present which I shall not send.

Envoi.

Princess, accept unsent by me,
Who only am your humble friend,
All that I fain would send to thee,
The present which I may not send!

THE MAID OF THE MILL.—A lady boxer.



THE RIVAL ROMEOs AND THE OFTEN-DESERTED JULIET.

The Old Party will probably not be in too great a hurry to make her choice.

OXFORD, 2000 A.D.

["The Midland University, which is being formed at Birmingham, will, in one respect, be quite unique amongst the Universities of Great Britain, for it has been decided to establish in connection with it a school of brewing. There will be a chair of brewing, and the training will be of the fullest. . . . A special brewing laboratory will be established contiguous to the University buildings."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

ON reading the above, Mr. Punch was seriously perturbed. What about Oxford and Cambridge? How would they stand such competition? Would they be cut out of the field by their up-to-date rival? Obviously there was but one way to answer these questions, and accordingly Mr. Punch's Special Prophetic Interviewer was despatched to the Isis.

At the first glimpse it was obvious that, whatever else had happened, Oxford was not deserted. Great changes had, however, been effected. The spires and towers had all disappeared, and in their place rose a forest of tall chimneys. The S. P. I. made his way to Christ Church, which indeed he had some difficulty in recognising. Tom Quad and the Cathedral had been pulled down to make room for a huge red-brick building, whence issued a continuous stream of brewers' drays driven by undergrads in cap and gown. The S. P. I. entered. A large audience were listening to Dr. Vatz, the Dean, who was lecturing on the Chemistry of Bitters, samples of which were handed round the class at frequent intervals. It appeared to be a very popular lecture. At its conclusion the S. P. I. presented himself to the Dean, who kindly volunteered as *cicerone*.

"Great changes?" remarked the Dean. "No doubt there are. Why, in your time, there wasn't even a chair of Brewing. This is the Bottling Department. Most of the undergraduates here are Freshmen. That man in the scholar's gown? He is

one of our most promising students, and has already taken the Hertford and Ireland. No," added the Dean, smiling indulgently at the S. P. I.'s ignorance, "these are no longer classical scholarships. They are given for Malting and Brewing."

"Then is beer the only profession now taught in Oxford?"

"By no means. In Balliol they make whisky, in All Souls, boots and shoes, and so forth. But here we don't do much but brewing. Christ Church is still the aristocratic college, you know. Even in your time brewers were a majority of the House of Lords—not a majority? Well, a big percentage, at all events."

"And classics?"

The Dean laughed. "Of course, the old régime died hard. Balliol was the Pioneer of the new Oxford Movement, and when she first put up her whisky laboratory, Convocation and Congregation protested to a curate. But the change had to come. Birmingham was beating us everywhere. The aristocracy were all going there, and Birmingham Bachelors of Brewing and Doctors of Distilling were getting every post in the country worth having."

"And what about the women?"

"Of course, the New Movement affected them too. Somerville is now a steam-laundry with a mangling laboratory, and Lady Margaret's is a school of cookery where they read for degrees in the domestic arts. But I must be off," cried the Dean, "to visit the fermenting bins, or the Freshmen will be poisoning themselves with the carbonic acid. Before you leave Oxford, you should run round and see the improvements at the Ashmolean. It used to be a library, usedn't it? Now it's the University Co-operative Stores, where undergraduates do their practical work for the shopwalkers' degree."

So the S. P. I. returned to town, satisfied that Oxford will hold her own with her pushful younger sister.

RATHER DISCONCERTING.

[Prince GEORGE of Greece is to be welcomed, on his arrival in Crete, by the bands of the four great Powers, playing their national anthems simultaneously.]

The new Governor-General soliloquises, aside :

WELL, this takes some beating,
When four rival bands,
By way of a greeting,
Strike up a Dutch concert the moment one lands!

With wind and percussion
Each patriot blares
Together the Russian,
French, British, Italian national airs.

This quadruple medley
Just gives me the hump,
And a longing that's deadly
To put the performers straight under the pump!

Or, if that's improper,
I'd bribe them a-piece,
And chuck them a copper
(Or lepton) this mad charivari to cease.

Thank Heaven, there's no Teuton
With "Watch on the Rhine,"
And the Austrian is mute on
His welcoming trumpet—or else I'd resign!

MEMS. BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Yesterday.—Must have a kinsmen party. Must call all the poor relations together. Must do up the house with holly and mistletoe. Must have any number of crackers. Must keep up the festival with the customary cheery goodwill. Must eat beef, plum-pudding and mince-pies. Must for once in a way defy the doctor, and run the risk of gout. Must take CHARLES DICKENS seriously anent the Yule-tide season. Must meet all sorts and conditions of men. And, finally, must end in a first-class family row.

To-day.—Ignore the past. Ignore the family. Get away from friends and acquaintances. Shut up the town house, and leave it in the hands of a caretaker. And finally, go quietly to some out-of-commission watering-place, and end the Christmas season by dining *solo* in the coffee-room of an all but deserted hotel.

TO MY FRIENDS.

(A Practical View.)

DEAR friends, I am deeply affected
(As the door-bell incessantly rings)
By your gifts, always quite unexpected,
Each Christmas invariably brings.

Cheap port, vile champagne by the dozens,
Pots, inkstands, matchboxes, cigars
(Come from brothers, and neighbours, and
cousins),
And mince-meat in family jars.

With cheeses, hares, turkeys and pheasants,
I'm superabundantly stored.
Alas! but such valuable presents
I fear you can scarcely afford.

Then, to bibulous carmen who leave them
With "Happy New Year" on their lips,
Unfortunate I who receive them
Have to give a small fortune in tips.

So do you not think it were better,
Instead of extravagant trash,
To send me, by registered letter,
But one-third of their value in cash?



Master Tom. "WISH I COULD CATCH A COLD JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

Effie. "WHY?"

Master Tom. "WELL, MA'S ALWAYS SAYIN', 'FEED A COLD.' WOULDN'T I! JUST!"

LITERARY QUERY.—*Chips and Chops*, by R. NEISH. Where did the author find his title? On a bill of fare? Or did he ever come across the lines following:—

PIPPLEDEWIPS,
She lived on chips;
POPPLEDEWOPS,
He lived on chops;
Said PIPPLEDEWIPS
To POPPLEDEWOPS,
"I'll give you my chips
If you'll give me your chops."

Now this is a very ancient nursery rhyme, not, as we believe, to be found in any book of small folk lore, but handed down from the nursery upstairs to the dining-room below by oral tradition. *Chips and Chops* ought to be a very Neish book for home consumption.

MR. PUNCH'S OFFICIAL NOTICE TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.—Orange-peel at Christmas time should be in puddings, not on pavements.

Mrs. Jibbins (after gazing on a globe in a shop-window). Well, nothing won't persuade me but what the world's flat.

Mrs. Trimmins. Well, MARIAN, if the world's flat, 'ow can you account for 'Averstock Hill?

COLUMBUS.

["The ashes of COLUMBUS are coming home, but to what sort of reception? At Granada, yesterday, a crowd of women pelted his statue with stones, on the ground that, if he had not discovered America, Spain would have escaped her worst misfortune." *Daily News.*]

Who found America? (A brat
In Standard I. would think you flat
To ask a question such as that!)

COLUMBUS.

Whom therefore have we now to thank
For this ill weed, most coarse, most rank,
The hateful, democratic Yank?

COLUMBUS.

Whom shall we Spaniards henceforth know
As conquered Spain's most fatal foe,
The primal source of all her woe?

COLUMBUS.

Whose erstwhile all-but-worshipped bones
Shall lie unhonoured, whilst old crones
Shall pelt his effigy with stones?

COLUMBUS.

Whose name shall be a foul black blot
Upon this fair creation?—What?

Well, no, I rather think it's not
COLUMBUS.



BOXING DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Green. "OH, ALOY, THIS HORRID MAN WON'T LET US PASS UNLESS WE GIVE HIM SOME MONEY! YOU'LL MAKE HIM, WON'T YOU?"

THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

(Extracts from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.; Second.)

P. & O. Mail Steamer "Peninsular. Off St. Vincent. Thursday.—Our Captain is a wonderful man. He can not only sail a ship, but can tell to sixty seconds when she will begin to roll.

WHEELER is his name,
England is his nation,
St. Albans is his country home,
To see it his salvation.

That doesn't happen often in the year, a circumstance that gives him fuller opportunity of studying the phenomenon alluded to.

Sitting down to dinner at 7 o'clock just as we were rounding Cape St. Vincent, the ship that had borne herself so serenely through the fabled turmoil of the Bay of Biscay suddenly began to roll in a fashion that impartially distributed the soup. Noted on entering saloon that the fiddles were on the table. (The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and

never dine to the accompaniment of the fiddle, must understand that nothing musical is meant. The framework temporarily attached to the saloon dining-tables in order to keep dishes, glasses and bottles from flying about is called the fiddle, because it in no way resembles a violin.) Appearance ominous, but the state of the weather on deck did not justify apprehension. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the soup just served was flying about the cabin like an April shower, only more unctious.

"Ah!" said the Captain, as if that were nothing, "in half an hour we'll have another round."

The ship settling down as suddenly as she'd erupted, the dinner went merrily on till, just as the game was being served, a similar earthquake swooped down on the cabin. The birds, after their kind, adroitly seized the opportunity to take to themselves wings and fly away into convenient bosoms and laps. With one consent we took out our watches, and found it was twenty-four minutes to eight.

"Um!" said the Captain, gloomily, "I'm

a minute out. It was just five minutes past seven when I spoke."

The warning was accurate enough for those seated at the Captain's table. A little hard upon passengers at others. If observation has reduced the matter to a precise science, why not utilise the menu for giving timely notice? In rounding Cape St. Vincent, the ship's course is twice changed, momentarily creating ructions. Why should not the menu run thus:—

Potage à la Reine.
Ructions à la Neptune.

The rest of the menu is calculated to take half an hour. Then—

Dindon rôti.
Bouleversement général à la Diable.

TO PHYLLIS.

(With Christmas Greeting.)

AH, PHYLLIS! let the cynic sneer,
And vent his spleen and humour bitter,
In scorn of joyful Christmas cheer,
Calling its pleasures empty glitter;
Such churlish thoughts though his may be,
It is not so with you and me.

You have no thought of coming pain
To darken your delights with sadness,
Your carol is a joyous strain,
Your life is but one hymn of gladness;
I catch a ray of gladness, too,
My PHYLLIS, when I think of you.

Nay, there is joy at Christmas still,
And youth and purity can buy it,
Although the world be harsh and chill;
Yes, you at least will not deny it,
PHYLLIS, for—sober truth to say—
You were not born last Christmas Day.

SOME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Or Consolation Prizes, as the case may be,

For Sir William Harcourt—the head of the editor of the *Daily Mail* on a charger.

For the German Emperor—an invitation to dine with the New Vagabonds.

For President Kruger—an invitation to stop away.

For M. Delcassé—a packet of safety pins.

For Sir E. Monson—a packet of soft soap.

For Mrs. Druce—a subscriber or two for her "Portland Bonds."

For the above subscriber or two—free lodgings, board and attendance *sine die* in Hanwell, that is, if they ever expect to see a termination of the case.

For the Sirdar—the opportunity to give Major Marchand the opportunity to subscribe to the Gordon College at Khartoum.

For Major Marchand—the opportunity to accept this opportunity.

For the Emperor of China—a passport for a perambulator-ride outside the Palace of Peking.

For the Dowager-Empress of China—a back seat on a bicycle built for two.

For the Tsar—the abolition of Russian conscripts, by way of postscript to his own Rescript.

For Col. Picquart, Capt. Dreyfus, and M. Zola—a return to the bosoms of their respective families, and a safe-conduct out of Paris to some place, under the rule of the Préfet of the Sane, where there is no "conspiring."

For Mr. Rudyard Kipling—a week's respite from the paragraphist.

For the newspaper-reader—a week's respite from Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

For the Liberal Party—a Leader.

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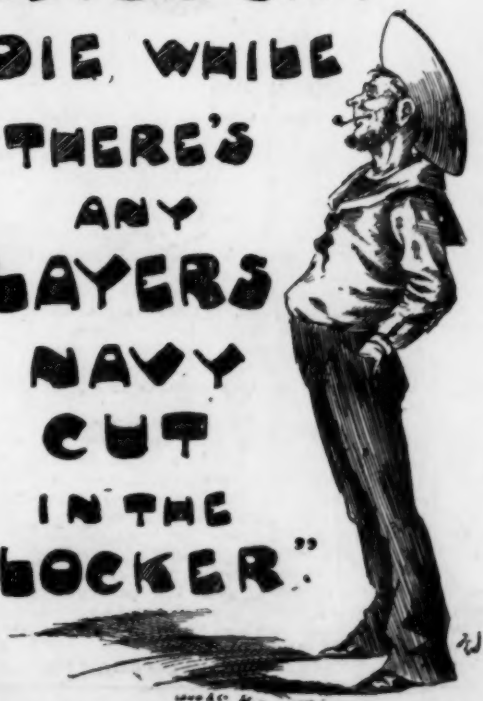
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